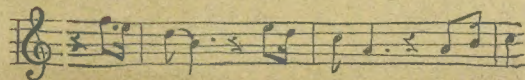


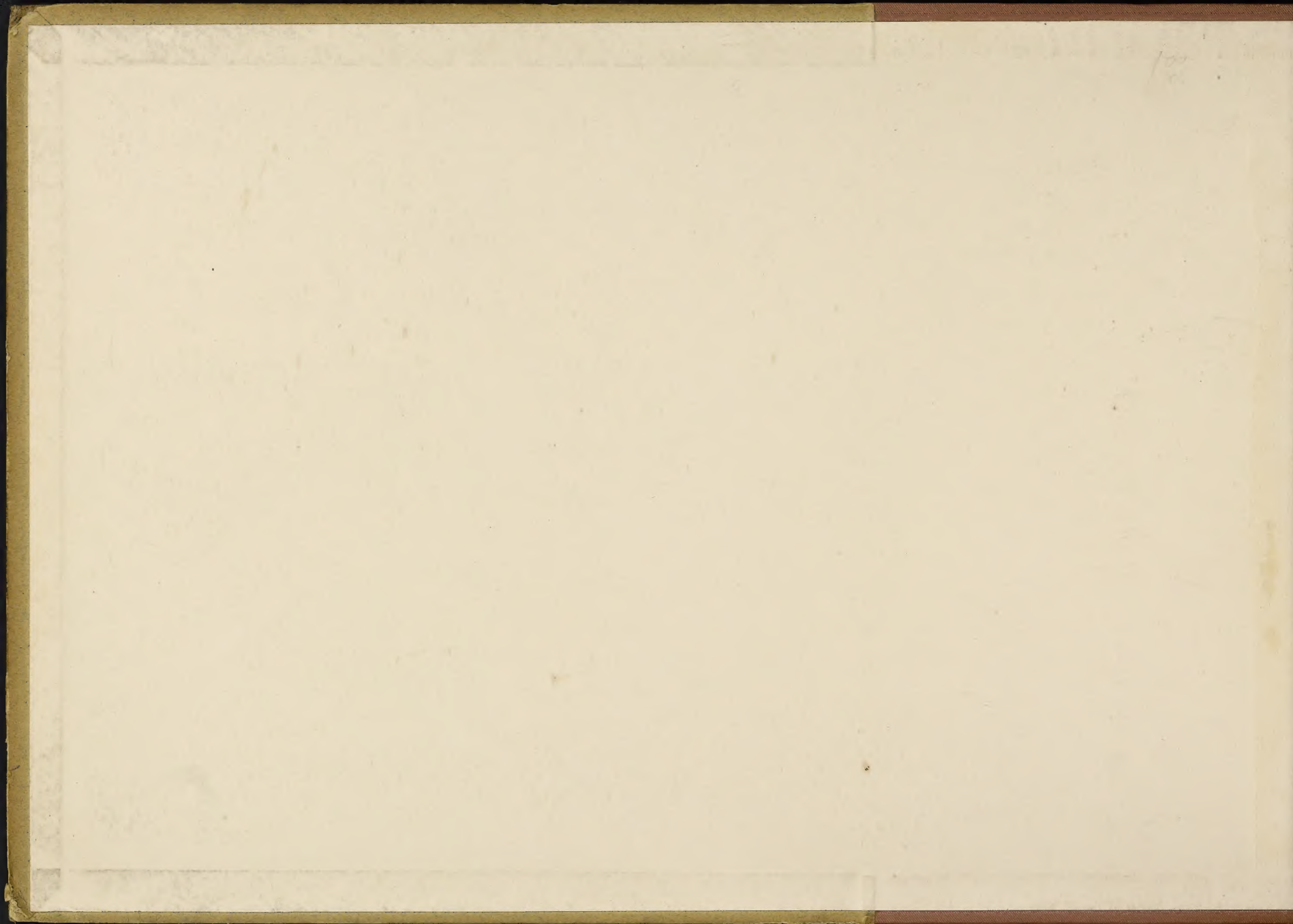
# · IN THE "400" AND OUT ·

· BY CHARLES JAY TAYLOR ·

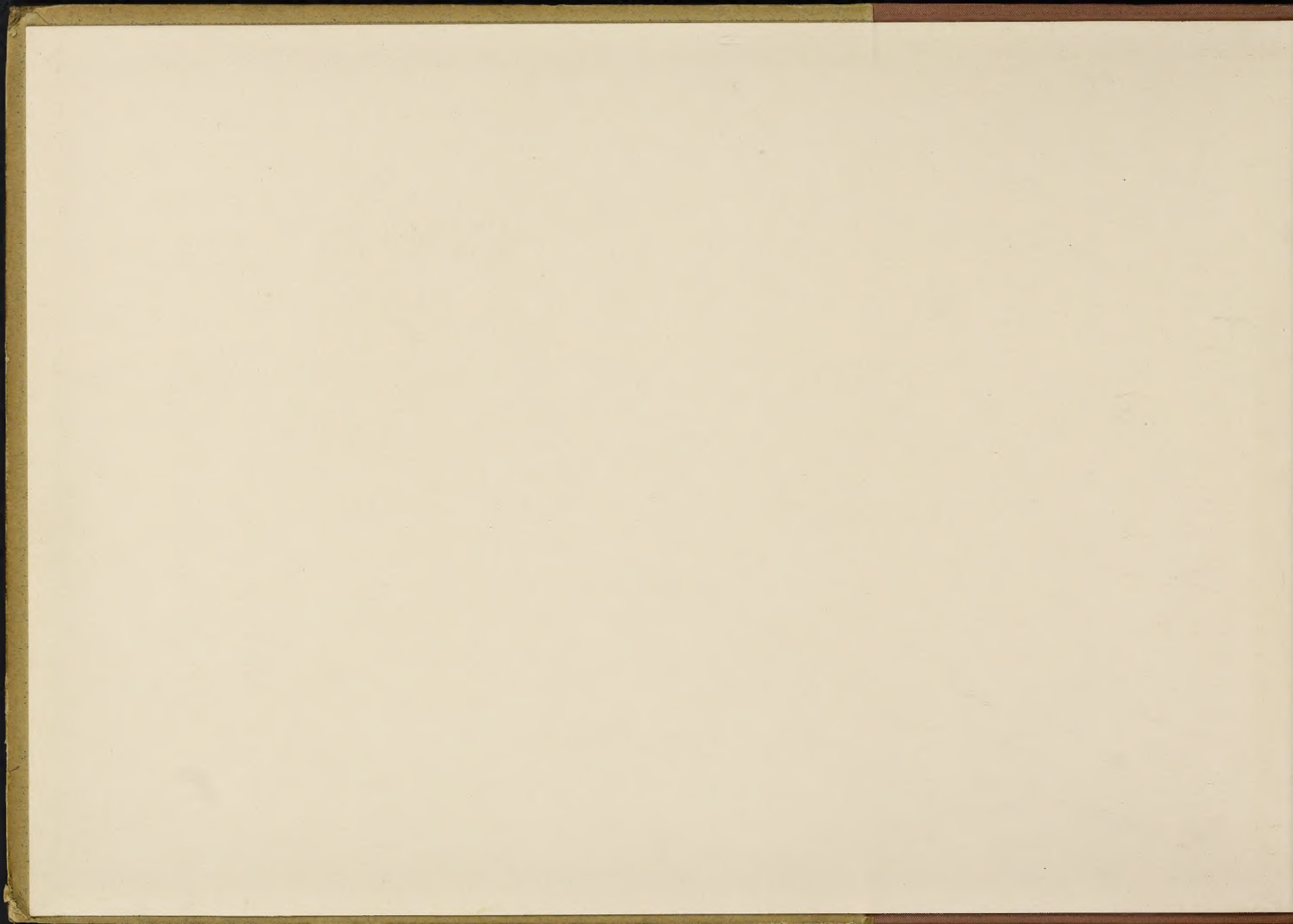


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IN THE  
"400"  
AND  
OUT

By C. Jay Taylor.

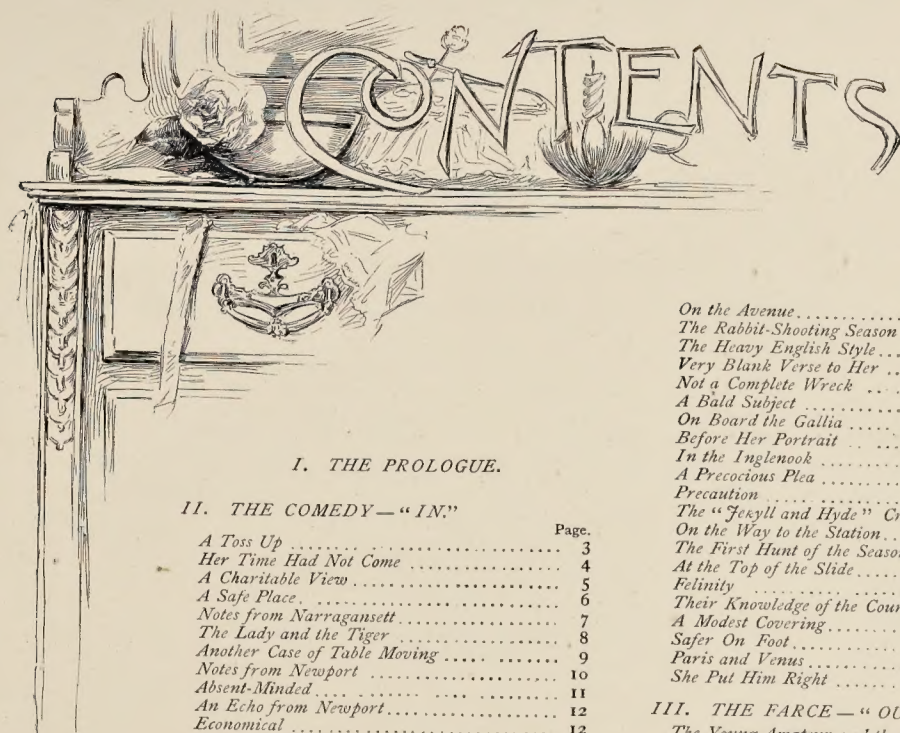


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I. — THE PROLOGUE.



TO THE TAYLOR-MADE GIRL.

*Here, picked from out PUCK'S weekly page,  
Behold the shadows of your Age —  
Such lines as sketch your round of life —  
Your hope, your fear, your joy, your strife —  
Your inconsistencies, your truth —  
The best and worst of all your youth —  
Such lines as show the world that tries  
To flash its tinsel in your eyes.*

*And at the end, a merry word,  
Of folk whose voice you have not heard.*

*Take all these shadows -- it was YOU  
Inspired the facile hand that drew —  
Take them, the shadows of your Age,  
And smile to sunshine every page.*

PUCK.



## IN THE 400 — AND OUT.

### II. THE COMEDY — "IN."

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*How. Jay Taylor*

#### A TOSS UP.

ETHEL. — They say he has an income of twenty thousand dollars.

SARAH. — Well, then it's an even thing between her and three social, one athletic, one toboggan and two country clubs.





HER TIME HAD NOT COME.

SHE.—And now that we are engaged, what is the first thing I can do to show my love for you, Henry?

HE.—You can take part in our amateur theatricals.

SHE.—No, Henry; that would be bad form. Ladies in good society do not go on the stage till after they are married.





A CHARITABLE VIEW.

MISS LULU JAPONICA. — Rose Bouche was a hateful thing to leave you out of the dinner she gave for Sir Rotten Rowe !

MISS CHARLIE BALL. — Oh, don't say that ! I think she is a very sensible girl !

MISS LULU JAPONICA. — Well, I think it's very noble of you to say such nice things about her, but —

MISS CHARLIE BALL. — Yes ; you see, she naturally wished to be the prettiest girl in the room !



#### A SAFE PLACE.

MRS. LENOX HILL, JR. (*getting ready to leave town*).—Lenox, where shall I hide these silver spoons, in case thieves break in? Do you think between the mattresses would be a good place?

MR. LENOX HILL, JR. (*who knows what he is talking about*).—Nonsense! Put them into one of your dress pockets in the closet, and if a burglar finds that, he deserves the spoons!





#### NOTES FROM NARRAGANSETT.

##### NARRAGANSETT PIER BLOSSOMS.

JACK. — I don't like it here very well ; do you, Dorothy ?

DOROTHY. — No ; I think it 's vile !

BESS (*who has had a little tiff with the pair*). — Never mind ; perhaps when your Papa comes down and finds that your Mama is so unpopular that she has to bathe alone, he 'll take you all away.

##### FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

DICK. — Does your Mama let you take off your shoes and stockings ?

BESS. — O—o—oh, no ! It is n't nice !

DICK. — My Mama lets *me*.

BESS. — But your Mama 's been here two seasons, you know !



THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

AUNT HARRIET.—Bless my soul, Abner, what fashion is this for these city folks to go out drivin' wax figgers? I've watched that thing behind since they turned the corner, and it has n't moved once!





ANOTHER CASE OF TABLE MOVING.

MR. FRANKLIN DE BELLEVILLE.—My dear, I quite realize the weariness you must experience in waiting so long for Nora to serve the dinner; but, even if you have no consideration for my feelings, I trust, merely for the sake of the example to Ethel, that you will not go to sleep!

MRS. DE BELLEVILLE.—Sleep! Why, Franklin, I've been trying to find that new electric bell for the last twenty minutes!



#### NOTES FROM NEWPORT.

##### NEWPORT — ON THE SECOND BEACH.

MRS. BONNEGWARD (*of Mobile*). — I can't stand it any longer. You *must* take me in, Felix!

MR. BONNEGWARD. — *Must* with you is must, Anastasia; but I thought I had knuckled down enough to Northern sentiment when I left off my vest.

##### THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

You remember, Bess, and I do,  
When we left "Boscawon,"  
On the cliffs, below the Bath road,  
How the beach was looked upon.  
How the Johns, Joans and Bridgets  
Used to splash and yell and play.  
Here we're back from three years' travel,  
Where are J's and B's to-day?

##### A NEWPORT ZEPHYR.

SHE. — Isn't that Miss Cleminshaw coming out?

HE. — I really can't say. When Miss Cleminshaw came out last Winter, she wore about the same toggerly as that; but it was lower down on her.





ABSENT-MINDED.

MRS. POTTS (*at breakfast*).— Have some chips, John ?

JACK POTTS (*from an immeasurable distance, mentally, behind the folds of his newspaper*).—  
Yes; stacks of reds, please !

AN ECHO FROM NEWPORT.



*C. Taylor*  
 MAMIE VAN ASTORBILT.—Oh, Mr. de Fly, see that Van Islip girl with  
 Baron von Giesenbach! Did you ever meet the Baron in New York?  
 MR. DE FLY (*laconically*).—No—shave myself.



ECONOMICAL.  
 "There! You see, my dear,  
 one hat answers for all three."





A SOCIETY DISEASE.

DR. SCHMERZ.—Nervous prostration. You need rest.

MRS. AIKEN.—Why, I do nothing but rest!

DR. SCHMERZ.—Well, try some light employment. Watch other people work.

# THE EVOLUTION OF THE BATHING COSTUME.



TEN YEARS AGO.  
The good old-fashioned bathing suit, plenty of it, and chock full of fun and comfort.



THE PRESENT DAY.  
Corsets, silk stockings, and all that. Attractive? Well, that 's what we go there for!



TEN YEARS FROM NOW.  
The above design for a bathing costume has been handed us by a lady who summers at Narragansett Pier, and who is said to be ten years in advance of her time.





#### AN ADIRONDACK IDYL.

MR. PIEPSEIT (*Brooklyn*).—Two *poussé cafés*, please.

MR. HANKS (*Hanks's Carry*).—Am't got 'em, gents. How 'd a leetle panther's breath, sour mash sap, with 'lasses trimmin's sock yer? That 's th' nighest t' cats I kin give yer.



#### A NARRAGANSEIT EVENER.

MISS UNA WARE. — Why, Mama, here's Mr. Steele! You remember how pleasantly we met him here last season?

MR. BESSEMER STEELE. — This is Mrs. Gorham Ware — and Miss Ware?

MISS WARE. — Why, yes.

MR. STEELE (*who had been crushed when he attempted to renew acquaintance at the Patriarchs*). — Well, Mrs. Gorham Ware — and Miss Ware, you'll pardon me if I say that I can't consent to be simply on liquid terms with your family.





HER FIRST PARTY SINCE THE SUMMER SEASON.

MISS BAKHAVEN. — No, Papa, I'm not tattooed. It's the effect of that high-necked bathing-dress. You would insist on my wearing it, you know.



#### A PROSPECT OF IMPROVEMENT.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND (*slightly jealous of his WIFE's successes*). — Bah Jove, Edith, I 'm doosid glad this is the vewy last *décolleté* exhibition of the season, dontcherknow!

SHE. — Yes, so am I. I 'm just longing for my three weeks' rest before I have to put on that new bathing suit.



#### A READJUSTMENT.

She blushed, herself, at the time-worn phrase; but she told him she would be a sister to him.

"All right," he said, moodily, and half to himself; "but 'sister' does n't mean flowers three times a week and losing bets just to pay gloves and things, and a bonbonnière as big as a house at Easter. Sisters ain't in the appropriation bill this year."





# THE TUXEDO HOME.

Mrs. J. RODOLPH SMITHLEY.—My dear, will you not join us in the bag to-day? You have n't been out with us this week.  
 Mr. J. RODOLPH SMITHLEY.—No—aw—thanks, me deah; really—aw—cawn't. Must stay 't home to do the—aw—sewing, you know.



HE WOULD MIX FINANCE WITH ART.

MISS GOLDSBY. — How does my new gown strike you, Papa?

PAPA (*laconically*). — For about two hundred and fifty, I suppose, my dear!





A HEMPSTEAD DIVERSION.

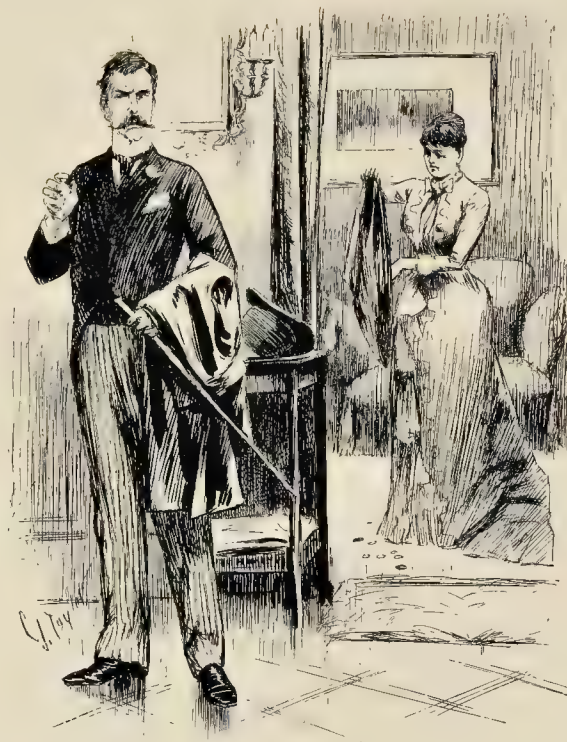
CONLEY. — Plaze, sor, th' rabbit hev took refuge under Mrs. Overmath, sor, an' bechune her bein' scared an' me bein' bashful, Oi t'ink Oi'd betther lave another wan slip, sor.



#### UNSENTIMENTAL.

DE BLOY (*showing his CHICAGO COUSIN around Newport*).—  
That's the old mill that Longfellow wrote about.

CHICAGO COUSIN.—Huh! Y' ought to see Washburn's plant  
up in Minneapolis!



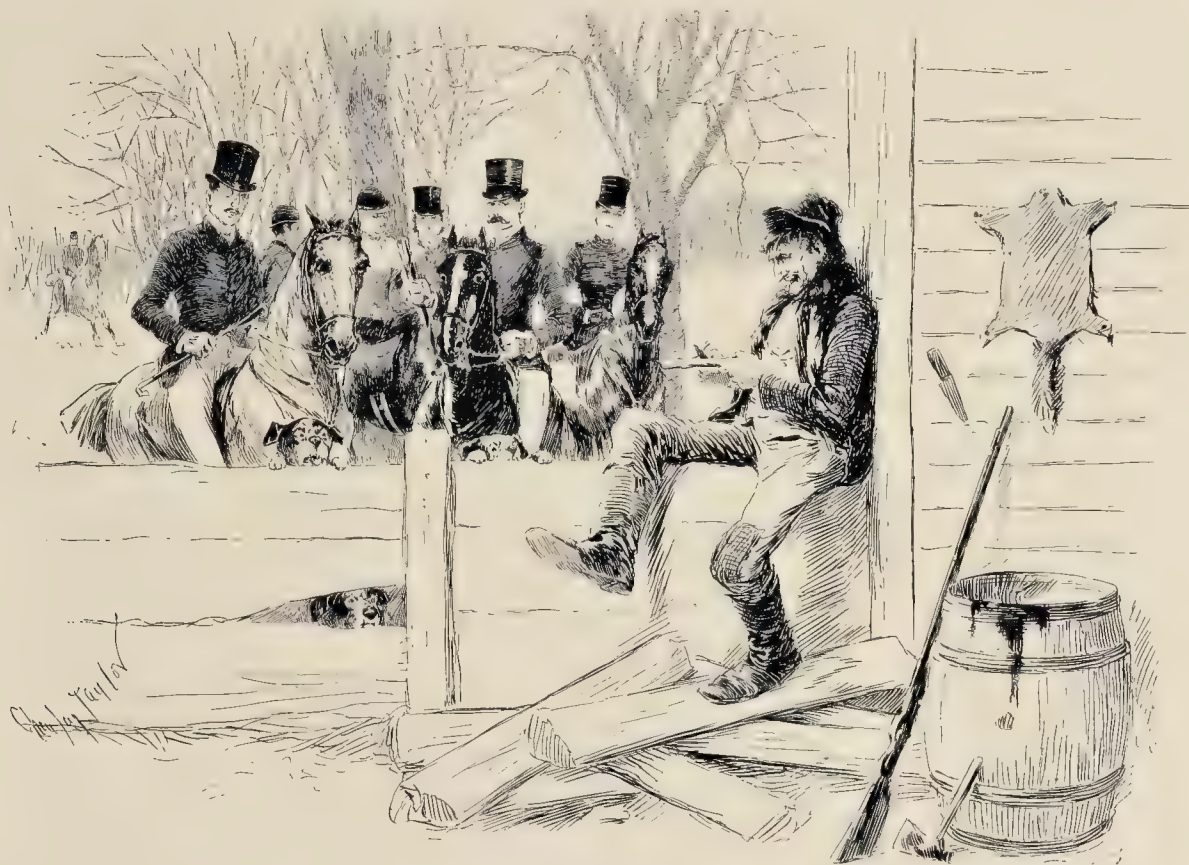
#### CHIPPED TRUTH.

"John, what are these round ivory things in your dress-vest  
pocket?"

"T—those are samples of b—buttons that I got at my  
t—tailor's t—to-day, dear; I tucked them in there d—day  
before yest—"

"Which do you propose to choose for steady wear, John,  
the red, the white or the blue ones?"





NOTHING PASSED HIM.

MR. ROCKAWAY HUNT.—I say, my good man, did you see a fox pass this way?

ESSEX CO. FARMER.—No. No fox went by here. (*Sotto voce.*)—He tried hard enough, though.



THE HEAT DID IT.

MR. SOUTHDOWN POPINJAY.—What a charming collection of *bric-à-brac* our hostess has collected?

MRS. SEVIER.—Yes, has n't she? I've just been admiring that example of enamel crackle-work on her back!





#### HEAVY ASSETS.

Mrs. KILLINGLEIGH.—Great heaven! The man's misfortunes have turned his head!

Mr. KILLINGLEIGH.—Don't worry, my dear. I've got to attend a creditors' meeting to-day, and I want this to show that I've something valuable left to resume business on!



# ON THE AVENUE.

DE TOPP.—I say that a man who will consent to allow one of our finest residences to be turned into a mere shop, is a mean, contemptible miser, and he and his family should be kicked out of a civilized community!

MISS CRASH.—You must excuse me, Mr. de Topp, if I leave you on the next corner. Papa owns that building, and I'm naturally timid.





#### THE RABBIT-SHOOTING SEASON.

MR. MORRIS TOWNE. — Well, why don't you shoot that cottontail?  
 MISS DIANA DEADSHOT. — Why, you dear near-sighted thing, it is n't a rabbit  
 it's dear Fido in cotton-wool — he's got a cold, don't you know?



#### THE HEAVY ENGLISH STYLE.

AUNT V. — Amelia, let me out of this thing instantly! This may be style,  
 but I prefer sliding downstairs.



VERY BLANK VERSE TO HER.

MR. B. CORHILL (*of Boston*). — Ah, Miss Chandler, I see you are an admirer of Milton !  
MISS CHANDLER (*of Cincinnati*). — No ; can't say I am. Why, Pa's young advertising man  
makes rhymes with a good deal pleasanter jingle !





#### NOT A COMPLETE WRECK.

MRS. LOTT. — And has nothing been saved from the wreck ?

JOB LOTT (*tragically*). — Nothing — absolutely nothing — except my honest name !

MRS. LOTT. — H-m ! With that, and the trifling assistance of the property you transferred to me three months ago, may be we can start again !



#### A BALD SUBJECT.

LITTLE SIGOURNEY. — 'f I'll be real good, Mama, and go directly to bed, may I ask one question ?

MR. BAWNSO. — What an interesting child ! Ask all the questions you want to. I'll make it right with Mama.

LITTLE SIGOURNEY (*promptly*). — Well, what I want to know is, Mama, what makes Mr. Bawnso wear his moustache on the top of his head ?



ON BOARD THE GALLIA.

MISS ADA RACKET (*just from Italy*).—Oh, Mr. Newton, are you a good judge of Roman coins?  
MR. WINDSOR NEWTON (*just from Paris*).—Well, I know all about the Latin Quarter!





BEFORE HER PORTRAIT.

MISS MAY JACQUEMINOT (*to* D'HEUVETTER DRIGGS, *the artist of fashion*). — It's lovely, of course ; but — *dear* Mr. Driggs — *may* I make just one little criticism — one *little* suggestion ?

DRIGGS (*gallantly*). — A thousand, if you wish — what's wrong ? — the expression ?

MISS MAY. Oh, no ; the expression's just the way I like it, and the light is lovely, and you have n't made me look cross-eyed, and I'm sure I never was so *beautifully* posed before, but — *dear* Mr. Driggs, *could* you mind making that fur on my wrap just a little bit of an inch wider ? They're wearing it awfully wide this year, don't you know ?



IN THE INGLENOOK.

[YOUNG SPINDRIFT SMYTHE *has escorted* MISS MARSHALL-NEAL *home from the theatre party, and has apparently taken root in his chair.*]  
MISS MARSHALL-NEAL. — You don't know how much I enjoyed the play *last night*!





#### A PRECOCIOUS PLEA.

BERTHA (*who has come in too late for the anecdote*). — What are you laughing at, Mamma? Tell me what Mrs. Frivole said, please!

MRS. BROWNE STONE. — Impossible, my child. It was not a story for children of your age!

BERTHA. — Oh, do tell me, Mamma! I promise I won't understand a word!



#### PRECAUTION.

MR. STUVVESANT VAN DERK. — Would it shock you very much if I offered you a drop of our ladies' punch? You must be chilly, and there's really nothing strong in it.

MISS HENLEY-HENLEY CHANFAUNT *(of Montreal)*. — Thank you, awfully, but I believe I won't try it. I always have to join Mama in her Irish Whiskey and Cayenne Pepper, after a slide, and it might be too much for me.



THE "JEKYLL AND HYDE" CRAZE.



MR. L. BARRETT MILDMAN. — Impwobable? "Jekyll and Hyde" impwobable? Why, it's a mere matter of dwess, pawsitively. All you have to do is to dwop your eye-glass, (*dwops it,*) turn down your collah (*does so,*) wumple your hair, (*wumples it,*) and thwow your cuffs away (*dispenses with them*)—



— now how do I look?

MR. E. COE (*upstarting*). — Puffectly devvlsh, bah Jove! I'm converted!



ON THE WAY TO THE STATION.

MRS. HUNNIMUNE. — Is n't it queer, Charley, how all the people seem to know we're — we're not old married people? I heard somebody in that yellow carriage say :  
“Look at the bride!”

CHARLEY. — Don't know. Queer, is n't it? P'raps I better go and sit with the driver.





SAFER ON FOOT.

MISS TALLY HOE (*as he opens the gate*). — Don't you think you might have cleared it, Mr. de Hearst?

MR. C. DE HEARST. — Ah — ya-as, *I* could have cleared it easily, don't ye know; but ye know I did n't know so well about the horse, don't ye know!



AT THE TOP OF THE SLIDE.

STEERSMAN. — All ready, Bascom ?

BASCOM. — Yes — or — er — wait a moment. If Miss Kittyman will kindly tuck her feet in a little closer, I think we shall find less wind-resistance.





FELINITY.

[MRS. KAYMOVERIN has brought out a priceless family heirloom of sterling silver, and is waiting for some adulation.]

HER VISITOR.— Oh, I'm awfully glad to see you agree with me! I've always told Jack that pewter is *the* thing to brew tea in. Macy does have such pretty things, does n't he?



THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY.

MISS STRATHMORE (*of Kensington Terrace, who has been invited to go ice-yachting*).—I think it's awfully shabby of them not to send a boat ashore for us, after that cordial invitation!

MRS. STRATHMORE.—Eloise, these American yachtsmen are boors!





A MODEST COVERING.

WIFE. — Are my shoulders covered enough to suit you, dear ?

HUSBAND. — Not at all, my love ; there is a spot as large as a dollar on your right shoulder without a speck of powder on it !



THE FIRST HUNT OF THE SEASON.

Have these Anglomaniac Enthusiasts encountered a Dynamite Bomb in their pursuit of the peaceful Anise-Seed bag? Oh, no; they are the Lahdy Dah Cross Country Hunt, and they have accidentally Started Up a Real Live Fox — that is all.





PARIS AND VENUS.

ETTA. — Lottie, Mama ordered a bathing suit from Paris, and it has just arrived. Come around and see it.

LOTTIE. — Well, if it is any thing like the one you had at the Pier last season, there is n't much to see!



SHE PUT HIM RIGHT.

MR. OLDHAWK.—Ah, my dear Miss Chick, how like sunshine is the presence of a charming girl! How it illuminates the home! Would that *I* possessed such a treasure!

MISS CHICK.—Oh, to be sure, Mr. Oldhawk! Don't you wish you had married when you were young, as Papa did, and had a lovely daughter of your own?



## IN THE 400 — AND OUT.

### III. THE FARCE — "OUT."

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### THE YOUNG AMATEUR AND THE WICKED UNCLE.

AMATEUR (*complacently*). Yes, Uncle, I now have you posed to my satisfaction — all that remains to be done is to focus and expose — which I will proceed to do.

VOICE (*from under black cloth*). — I say, Uncle, I guess we had better postpone this till some day when there is more light. For some unaccountable reason, the light is very dull to-day.



THE START.

MISS EVELETH (*betrothed to ALGY*). — Don't you think the run will be too much for him, dear? He 's only a puppy, you know.

ALGY. — Oh, no! We can stop and rest him once in a while. I 'll look out for him.



ON THE ROAD.

MISS EVELETH. — Why so silent, precious?

ALGY. — I 've been thinking for the past half-hour whether it will be better to have the billiard-room floor laid in a Moorish or a Grecian pattern. Which do you prefer, little one?



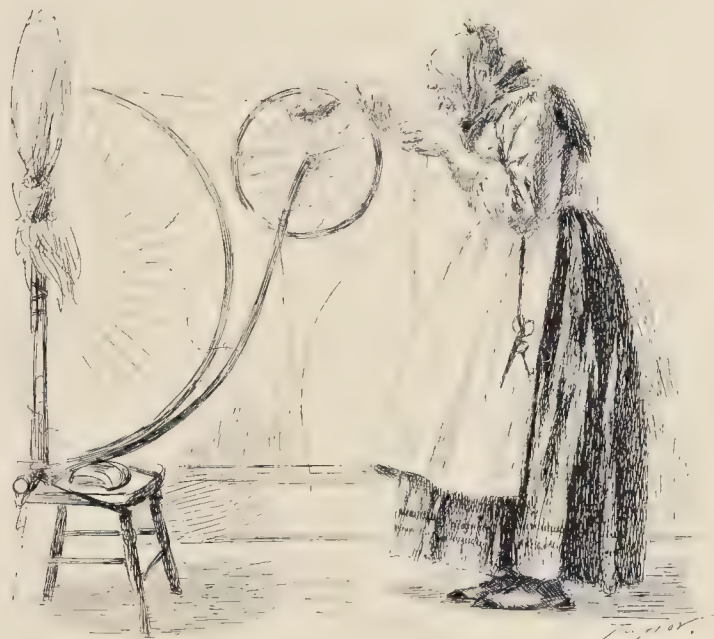


THE PROCESSION.

DRUM MAJOR. — Vot you resdin' for, you feller mit der glarionet? don' you know —

*(Trips over a loose cobble-stone.)*

CLARIONET. — I vos yust goin' to dell you apout dot shtone.



AGED ATHLETICS.

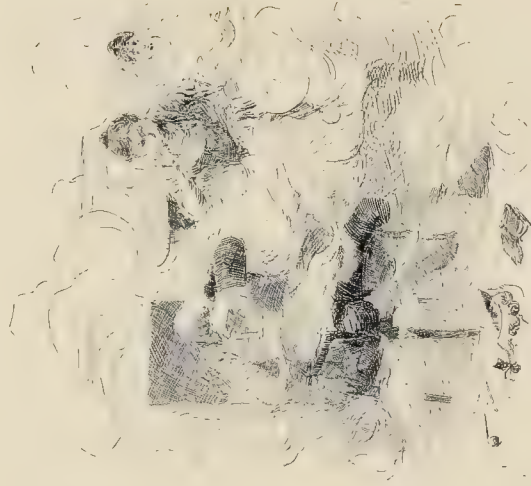
GRANDMA *(who has found CHARLIE'S new bi ycle)*.

— It 's pow'ful strange, how I forgit! Why, I useter do th' spinnin' fer th' hull family when I was a gal.



#### THE DEAR OLD TIMES.

Ah, yes, the quiet life they used to lead in those days sitting before the dear old open fire place, with the great back-log smouldering . . . all conducive to tender thoughts and romantic attachments. But —



— no one has ever mentioned the dear old blow-downs they used to have from that dear old fire-place.





#### THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

MULLIN. — Oi hev a chinder in me eye, from th' gas-house !

MRS. MULLIN. — Sorra, sorra ! This is pfwhat yez 'll do. Hould yure nose wid van hand ; tur-rn th' lid av yure oye insidy-out wid th' other ; kape yure mout' shut, an' shneeze like th' devil !

MULLIN. — Oi t'ink Oi 'll kape th' chinder, Rosie !



#### TALKING SHOP.

PHYSICIAN (*examining RURAL EDITOR for life insurance purposes*). — Your circulation does not seem to be impaired ?

EDITOR. — No ; we 're printin' six hundred and thirty copies a week now, agin only six hundred a year ago !



AN EPISODE IN AN ADIRONDACK HOTEL DINING-ROOM.

It was only the little pet bear from the stables; but it was enough for the bear hunting tourists, all the same.





#### SOUTHERN CONCISENESS.

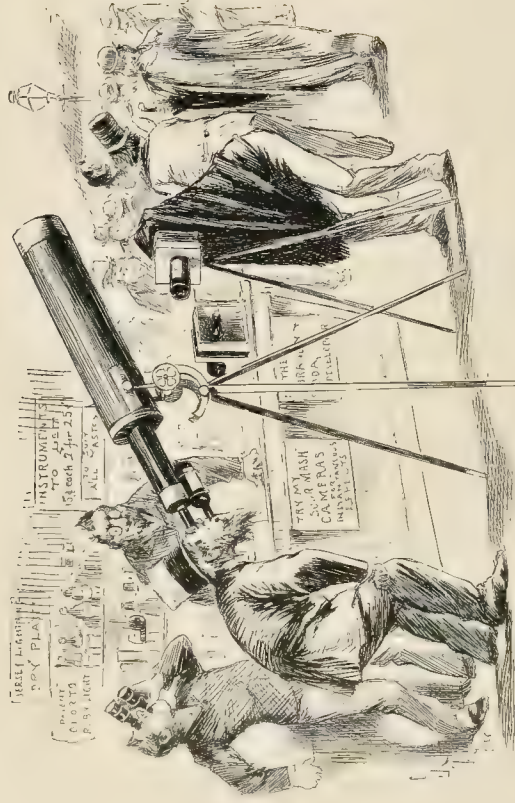
MR. CLAY C. TERPENTINE (*of the Georgia Uplands, proposing*). — Polly want a Cracker?



#### AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.

(*After the Annual Club Dinner.*)

"'S all right, M'riash — 's all right. No 'casion f' 'lumination, though. Rest 'r boysh too drunk t' come!"



"READ THE ANSWER IN THE STARS!"

Sudden Appearance of a New and Mysterious Industry in the Prohibition States.



THE LATEST FROM THE SECOND NINE.

LEFT FIELD (*in enclosure*).—Yer'll have to call der game, fellys.  
Finnerty's pig has swallowed de ball!

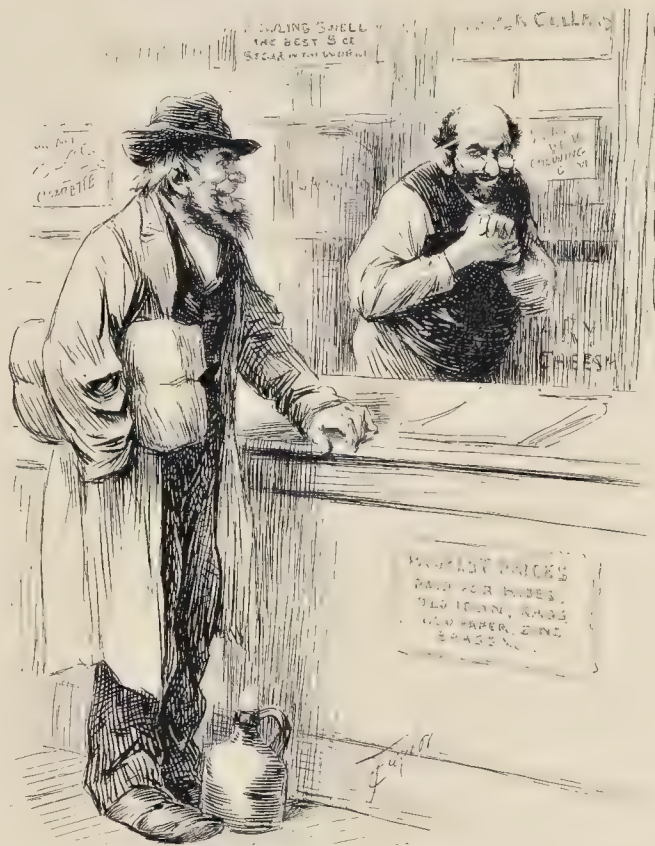




#### HE HAD TO BE PUT OUT.

DRIVER. — All out! End of route!

MR. SEED (from Hohokus). — No, you don't! I've heered of them things before. I dropped in a nickle fifteen minutes ago, an' I don't git out 'till I hear the music play, b'gosh!



#### THAT PECULIAR BRAND.

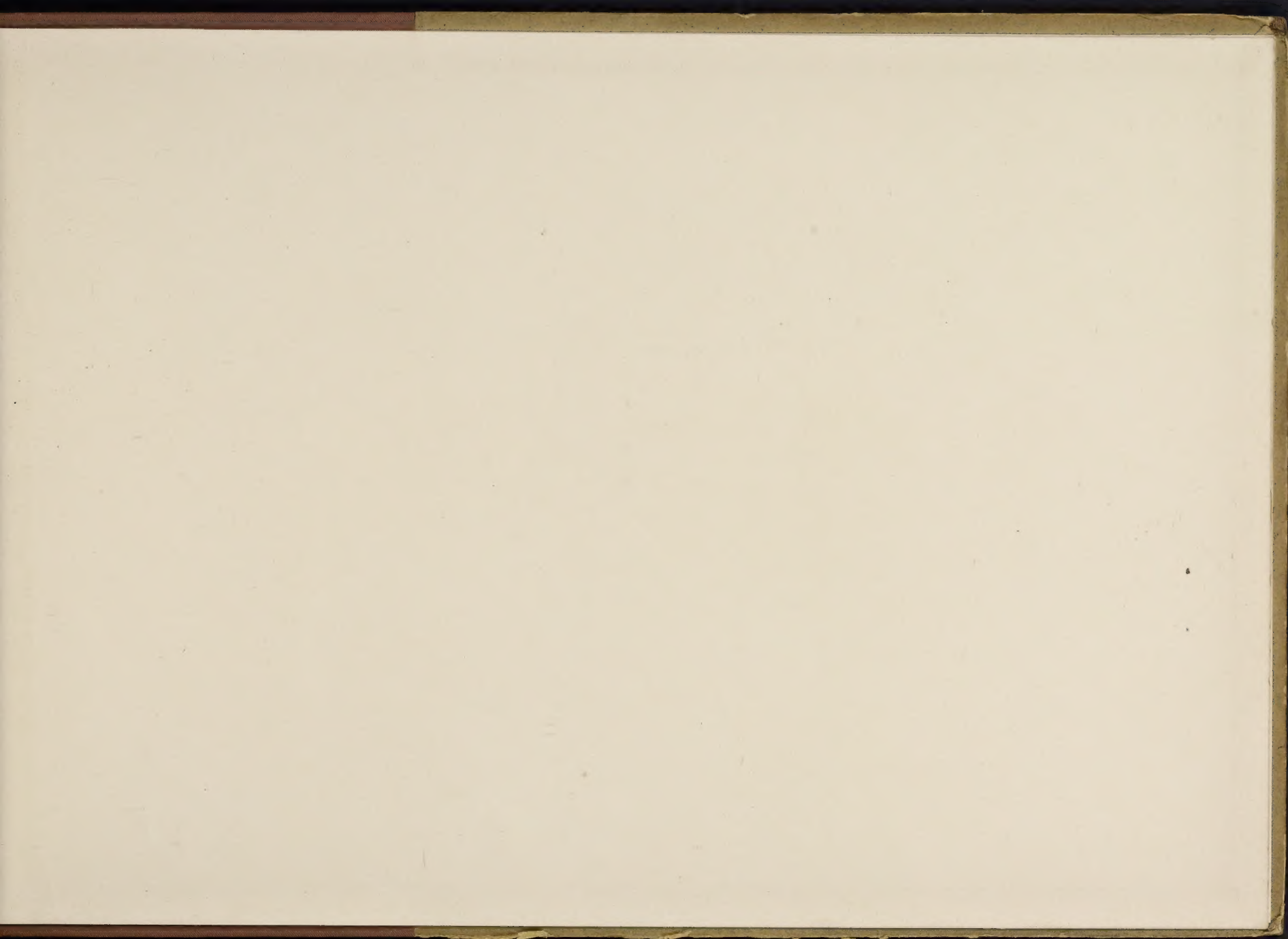
SPEIGLEHAMER (of whom UNCLE REUBEN has just purchased a bill of goods). — Rachel!

VOICE (from behind curtain). — Vell?

SPEIGLEHAMER. — Gif dis shentlemen a goot ten-cent cigar, "tswei fer finf!"







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